THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 164.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IT having been observed by Count Algarotti, and after him by Dr. Johnson, that the *Bard* is an imitation of the *Prophecy of Nereus*, and Dr. Johnson having founded upon this circumstance a remark which is of a nature to mislead, I beg your permission to commence my examination of this second of the Sister Odes, by setting before us the *Prophecy*, which I shall accompany with Mr. Boscawen's translation:

Hor. Carm. 1. Ode XV.

Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam;
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata: Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem, grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmine divides;
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas, et calami spicula Gnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu, serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque et Sthenelus, sciens
Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydeides, melior patre:
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achilleï.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Pergameas domos.

The treach'rous shepherd, late her guest,
Bore beauteous Helen o'er the main,
When Nereus to unwelcome rest
Lull'd the swift gales, and sung Fate's awful strain:
'In luckless hour thou bear'st thy prize,
'Doom'd to deplore thy guilty joy:
'For, lo! confed'rate Greeks arise,
'To burst thy nuptial bands, and crush ill-
'fated Troy!
'Mark how the steeds, the chiefs, en-
'gage!
'For thee what Dardans press the field!
'See, Pallas calls forth all her rage,
'And mounts her martial car, and shakes
'her thund'ring shield!
'Elate with Venus' aid, in vain
'Oft thou shalt deck thy flowing hair,
'Wake the soft lyre's unwarlike strain,
'And soothe with melting songs the love-
'sick fair;
'In vain shalt fly the jav'lin's force,
'Avenger of thy lawless lust;
'The battle's din; swift Ajax' course;
'For, ah! thy wanton locks shall trail in dust!

'Mark, of thy race the deadly bane,
'Ulysses! mark the Pylian sage!
'See Teucer chase thee o'er the plain,
'And Sthenelus direct the chariots' rage!
'Fam'd in the glorious martial strife,
'Hast thou ne'er heard Merion's name?
'See, raging for thy forfeit life,
'Tydides, mightier than his sire in fame!
'Whom, as the stag, if chance he spy
'The prowling wolf, scours o'er the plain,
'Breathless and panting shalt thou fly;
'The boasts that cheer'd thy bride, alas!
'how vain!
'Though stern Pelides' wrath delay
'The hour so fear'd by Phrygian dames,
'At length, on Fate's appointed day,
'Shall Troy's proud mansions blaze in Ar-
'give flames.'

Proposing to employ this letter purely in the ground-work of inquiry, I shall content myself with transcribing, in addition to to the above, the criticisms of Johnson, and the general observations of Wakefield.

I. The *Bard*, says Johnson, appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the *Prophecy of Nereus*. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original; and, if preference depend only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety, But to copy is less than to invent; and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that the *Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political.

The stanzas are too long, especially his epodes: the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza, the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, *ruin*, *ruthless*, *helm or hauberk*, are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza, the Bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obscure mythology. When we are told that *Cadwallo hushed the stormy main*, and that *Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head*, attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The weaving of the *winding sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life, in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to *weave the warp and weave the woof*, perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men weave the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, *Give ample room, and verge enough.* He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third line of the second stanza is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *hunger* are not alike, and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how *towers are fed.* But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed that the ode might have concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had, without expense of thought.

II. It does not appear to me, that this Ode is by any means superior to the *Progress of Poesy*, either for noble ef-

forts of invention, a luxuriance of splendid diction, or a richer vein of poetry. In the grandeur and wildness of its scenery it may perhaps claim some superiority; and the historical circumstances, that are interwoven in it, may render it more interesting and agreeable to the English reader. It has too, in this respect, a greater resemblance to Pindar's mode of composition, who is perpetually diversifying his subject with historical episodes and digressions. But the former Ode is, in my opinion, more correct, and more truly poetical.

STATERUS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 7.

She shall not crouch, if Wisdom guide the helm. GRAINGER.

BEFORE I entered into the consideration of the manner in which the British empire is to be maintained, I judged it proper to examine whether circumstances allowed us to believe, in contradiction to certain politicians, that it be maintainable at all.

If the power of France have nothing in it capable of insuring the ruin of this monarchy, the difficulties it labours under must be of an internal nature. That it does labour under difficulties I have no disposition to hide; and they consist in the state of its finances and the choice of its foreign politics. Both are of the first magnitude. Its debt threatens it on every side; and on the foreign politics it pursues depend all the hopes I cherish of its safety.

That a public debt, the bulk of which is not too large, gives strength to a government, is a maxim of unquestionable truth; but the debt which loads the British empire is much more than sufficient for any beneficial purpose, and has reached a point at which it necessarily becomes a source of the severest and most alarming evils. While, on the one hand, the British nation enjoys all the blessings to be derived from the most perfect of forms of government, on the other it is afflicted with all the miseries that spring, mediately and immediately, from an overstrained taxation. The funding system requires only be persevered in a little further, to render the yearly interest of money borrowed a sum equal to the yearly expenses, thus doubling the amount of the necessary supplies. Mr. Cobbett, in his *Weekly Register*, has lately asserted, that all the labourers in husbandry in England are paupers; that is, that the earnings of industry are insufficient for the support of a family. He is careful to repeat, that ALL are paupers. This is not strictly true; but, unhappily, it is by much too near the truth.

The mind naturally looks about for the means of removing the root of so much public calamity. I confess that none appears to me practicable, and at the same time in any degree commensurate, except that of the Sinking Fund. Something, no doubt, would accrue from those voluntary contributions of the rich, upon the expedience and magnitude of which many political speculators have dwelt with enthusiasm; but, the utmost that could be hoped for would, in my opinion, go but a little way toward its object. These are not the resources on which, after all, a practical statesman can or ought to rely. The sale of the small property which still remains to the crown has been spoken of, as, at one time, contemplated by that upright minister, whose death is still recent; but even this could afford only a small portion of assistance. It is the Sinking Fund that deserves our sole regard. Rumour has stated it to be among the projects of the new administration, to suspend the application of the proceeds of this fund, or of the annual appropriation, to the reduction of national debt devoting them to the purposes of the current demands. I trust that this is among the least founded of public reports. I should regret to see the wonderful cabinet from which so much is expected shrinking from its task, or meanly courting popularity, by so unworthy an act. I would, infinitely rather, double the million yearly set apart for this great institution, so honorable to the financial talents and the patriotism of Mr. Pitt.

It is not, therefore, by any puerile projects or expectations, still less by any mean, and yet still less by any dishonest enterprises, that I would have a minister of England enable himself to look the national debt in the face. I expect from him other measures, of a nobler and more masculine character. I expect him to adapt his whole scheme of policy to the situation in which he finds the public finances.

I have now cleared away whatever was between me and the premises upon which alone I ventured to raise the superstructure that engages my attention. It is from wise conduct, and from nothing without it, that I hope the preservation of the British empire. It is not necessary that I should look curiously back to the commencement, or progress, of that struggle which has so long continued between France and England, and which, at this day, has left France in possession of an enlarged and more splendid empire, and England in the trammels of an accumulated debt; but, it is not fit that I should shut my eyes on this review. It may be of use to draw some comparisons between the war of

1793 and that of 1802, for the sake of discovering in what they do not resemble each other, and, thence, in what respect the conduct of the latter ought not to resemble that of the former, even if that former were conducted well. Much might be said in behalf of the reality of that species of success which Mr. Pitt, at the close of the war of 1793, asserted to have been gained by Great Britain. She preserved her constitution; she checked the progress of jacobinical principles. Nay, it may be true, that though the efforts of the coalesced powers undeniably invigorated France; though they extended her frontier, and though they have set Napoleon on the throne, they still preserved the surrounding governments. In each of these were crowds of discontented subjects; but, the effect of the war was to make an appeal to the affections and put in motion the energies of the loyal, and achieve a domestic victory over sedition. In this point of view, it is possible that much was gained; and, though little beneficial result was seen in feats of arms, Britain had, perhaps, a deep interest in stimulating the offensive operations of the continental powers, and did not pay too dearly for the maintenance of those opinions which are in direct hostility with the enthusiasts of equality. France was aggrandised, but Europe was secured. Admitting this principle of action, I shall regard it as of inferior importance to inquire whether the money expended upon it by Mr. Pitt, were the least possible. I know not who is to audit such accompts. What I seek to evince is this, that no such principle can be admitted in the present war. The present is not a war with opinions, but with ambition; and Great Britain has no longer the same kind of interest in the conduct of the continental powers.

In what condition does a British minister find the empire he is to guide? He finds it threatened by a powerful enemy, limited in its capacity of offence, burdened with a heavy debt; but, withal, with vast resources. His situation, then, is one of difficulty, but not of despondence. It is not that he cannot move, but that he must move with prudence. He is encumbered with an immense debt; he cannot pay it; but he may be cautious how he increase it. How can he best employ the public money to the annoyance of France? This is the great question. France, say some, must be overcome in the field; she must be driven behind her ancient boundaries. Great Britain cannot oppose armies to her armies, but there are others who can. Some of these are supine, others are insignificant, and others are weak. Great Britain must sustain these and animate those. They will fight at once for themselves and for her. France will be destroyed or curbed. This, they tell us, is not only the best that can be desired, but the cheapest mode of effecting it. The first expense of raising an English soldier is twenty-five pounds per man, exclusive of his year's pay; whereas Russians can be employed at the rate of twelve pounds per year, and others on proportionably low terms.

I answer, that, however agreeable the theory may be, there are strong objections to the practice, and that the chain of reasoning is not complete. Of the economy of paying the expenses of foreign troops I have serious doubts. It is more economical to pay a large sum for something than half of it for nothing. I hesitate at a bargain in which all that I can be sure of is the parting with my money. I do not charge the subsidised princes with dishonesty; but there are a thousand contingences through which the spirit of the contract may never be fulfilled. Then, as to the task of sustaining weak powers, giving importance to the insignificant, and rousing the supine, it is too Herculean. The supine, the insignificant, and the weak, are bad allies. When I read the following passage in the Plan of Operations proposed by the Court of Vienna, I know not whether most to condemn the temerity, or pity the seduction, by which she was brought to hostilities with France:

"His Majesty [the emperor Francis] will "not be deterred by these great difficulties, "if war should become unavoidable; he "will in that case use his most strenuous "endeavours to surmount every difficulty, "and fulfil his engagements; but, to give "effect to this steady resolution, it is necessary that there should be adequate financial resources, and that the difficulties that "present themselves under that heald should "be removed; the Imperial Court of St. "Petersburg has been already informed of "the vast and necessary expenditure required to put the infantry, the cavalry, the "carriages, and artillery, the objects of the "commissaries' department, the magazines "and stores, in short, every thing belonging to the army upon the full war establishment. The succour of fifteen millions "of florins, which has been asked from "England for this primary service, is not "more than one half of what is actually "wanted. The expense of the last campaign "was from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty millions. The subsequent "rise of the prices of commodities would "render the expense of the same objects, "now, considerably greater. But, suppose "it not even now to exceed the former, yet "the subsidy of thirty millions of florins, "which is asked from England, added to "the ordinary peace expenditure of the army, would leave still an enormous deficit, "which the burdened finances of Austria "could hardly make good. It follows, that, "unless England grant the subsidy which "has been demanded, it must be impossible

"for the court of Vienna, notwithstanding "its determined inclination, even to make "those preparations for war which are not "to be attempted without an assurance of "being able to follow them up and maintain "them."

I take it for granted, that it was not through ambition, or the mere impulse of a wish to break a lance with Napoleon, or merely to effect a generous diversion for Great Britain, but from motives of self-defence, that Francis entered the lists. But, the Austrian monarchy, it would appear, is without resources for its own defence. I am sorry to find it so; but, I cannot think that Great Britain, with all her wealth, is prudent in thus lavishing her resources upon tottering states. If I supposed her actuated by principles of benevolence, I must love so much self-devotion, but it would be idle to call it policy. States, like fluids, must find their level; and, though human means may sometimes successfully counteract the laws of nature, there is a scale upon which it cannot be attempted but in madness. Austria must be contented to sustain that rank among nations to which her actual strength gives her pretensions. To support her, by trivial foreign subsidies, in hollow and artificial greatness, is an idle undertaking; and, to force her by these temporary gales of favour into a sea, to the navigation of which she is unequal, is but a cruel one. It has in it none of that benevolence upon the ground of which these aids to the weak may appear defensible and even magnanimous. This is a strong consideration, and one that applies generally to the continental politics of England. She does not save weak states; she ruins them. All that I have said of the mischief of a maritime alliance with France, is true of a continental one with England. *Never to abandon his friends* was one of the admirable maxims of George the First; but, which of her friends is Great Britain able not to abandon? What can she do for the crowns of Sardinia, Naples, Portugal and Sweden? Can she repossess Emanuel of Turin? Can she ward off the blow from Ferdinand? Can she defend Lisbon? Can she secure to Gustavus one hour's sovereignty in Pomerania? Austria joins her, and is she able to save her from the loss, I do not say of Vienna, but of one foot of earth? If Prussia were to join her, what could she do? She could enjoy the benefit or the triumph of her successes; but could she prevent or compensate any, the smallest, of her reverses? But, what is it to be an ally of France? By being an ally of France, Spain has preserved at least the existence of its empire; Holland has defended itself against English invasions: by being allies of France, the electorates of Bavaria and Wirtemberg have been raised into kingdoms; by becoming an ally of France, Austria may gain more than, as an ally of England, she has lost; and even the neutrality of Prussia and Denmark may not be unrewarded.

And, what brought Alexander into the field? Was it not the interests of his empire? If it were not, I am at a loss how to justify him to his people; and, if it were the interests of his empire, why did he take a subsidy of Great Britain? Must England prop the Russian empire too?

In every point of view, the continental efforts of Great Britain are but so many misapplications of her resources, and so many steps toward that ruin of herself which she is sure to bring upon others. Let the powers of the continent fight their own battles; let the supine, if there be any, suffer by their supineness; let the weak submit to the strong; let nature take her course; let Great Britain look on; let her have an eye always attentive, and a hand always ready; but let her remember that he who smites a rock bruises himself. Let other cares, less invidious and more profitable, occupy the greater portion of her thoughts. Let her not, through jealousy of the dog in the stream, drop her meat from her own mouth!

Let Napoleon establish or extend his dominion. Let him rise, and let her rise with him. Though she cannot bend her joints both ways, her arms are not bound. Wisely managed, this antagonism of Great Britain and France ought, upon the principles I have already set forth, to have no other effect than that of advancing their mutual greatness; partly through the awakening their own energies, and partly from its necessary tendency to depress and keep in check all other nations.

It remains for me to trace the great outlines of what I conceive to be the sole policy which Great Britain can wisely pursue. Let her avoid an unequal conflict with a military empire, at this moment, not in the weakness of infancy, but the heat and vigour of youth. Let her be sure that all the powers on the continent are, or will be, the enemies of France. Let her trust to those unpaid-for diversions which their own interests or passions will, sooner or later, lead them to make. Let time, or her own moderation, divest her cause of all features of personal malice, toward a man whose successes, if not whose virtues, must recommend him to the world. Let her force upon him no new crowns, and array him in no brighter splendors. In that way, she has done enough.—In a word, let her do that for which she is qualified, and forbear those attempts the failure of which is as certain as it is baneful. Let her maintain, let her carry to what height she can, her naval empire. Let her be content with this moiety of universal dominion. Let her wage, if it must be, incessant war with the maritime interests of France. Let her treat as an enemy every

one that promotes those interests; let her teach the French themselves that their only hope of commerce must be placed in the moderate politics of their government, and such as are of a nature to conciliate herself. Let her be secure of the Baltic; let her strengthen herself in the Mediterranean; let her look to her colonies; let her reign, without a rival, in the Indian Seas. Let her turn to her best advantage her power and her influence in the two Peninsulas. Let her make, there, as few enemies, and as many friends as she can. Let her prefer influence to territorial acquisitions. She may do as much in Asia as Napoleon can do in Europe. Above all, let her elevate to the full importance of which it is susceptible her European territory. Let her spread civilisation and agriculture in Ireland. Let her look to her commerce, and to an increase of population, for the lightening of her financial burthens, and let her add, by no new subsidies to foreign powers, to the weight of those evils. An annual six millions and a half, which was to have been her continental expenditure, under the late treaties of alliance, would, in a naval war, and expended under her own eye, afford her considerable scope.

Nor would this war, merely naval, be so inefficient as some may imagine. I have allowed, I have contended, that this species of warfare is, in some respects, beneficial to France. It confines, not only the attention of her government, but the direction of private capital; that is, the national wealth. It prohibits commercial enterprise, but it nurses manufactures and agriculture. It tends to make France a great manufacturing, agricultural, and military state, and, in consequence, to increase its continental power. But, while it does all this, it cripples that empire in the limb with which it could most seriously annoy Great Britain. It precludes all commercial and maritime rivalry. This is its first and direct operation. Its second, is to shut the same doors of national prosperity against all the adherents of France. The third, is that of favouring the advancement of friendly and neutral powers. The natural effect of these things must be to give a preponderance on the side of those who are, at the least, not leagued with her enemy.

Whether these objects are to be best attained by what, satirically, may be called a *war like a peace*, or by a *peace like a war*, is a question I would not pretend to discuss, without a much more intimate knowledge of facts than I can pretend to. I lay down but two principles; the first, that, considering the territorial ascendance of France, it is not safe to allow her the smallest maritime benefit; and the second, that to this object Great Britain should almost confine her attention. It is not that I would have her neglect her continental interests; but there are occasions on which our quietness best serves our ends; on which, if I may so say, we do most by doing nothing.

There are two grounds on which, as it appears to me, this line of action on the part of Great Britain is more especially dictated by sound policy. I have already touched on both; but I think it well, in concluding this inquiry, to place each in a little stronger light. The one consists in the state of her finances; the other, in the peculiar circumstances under which the continent is at this moment placed.

As to the finances of Great Britain, some will deride every idea of apprehension on that score. For my part, I say, that she has reason to view them with solicitude. If she experience from their disorder no calamity more to be dreaded than any assault of the assembled armies of Napoleon, she may yet suffer from them a silent but deadly corrosion, co-operating with, and more nearly destructive, than his unsleeping hatred. If they do not cut her throat, they may yet empty her veins. That the revenue is collected without defalcation, and that loans are to be had at pleasure, are undeniable truths; but this is not all. The burden of taxation wears out the affection of her people, and, besides destroying other sources of population, drives her labourers and artizans from their fields and looms. There wants nothing to ruin Great Britain, but the establishment of manufactures, or, to take a more comprehensive view, the existence of capital, in the United States. The absence of these, in the New World, checks that speedy mischief which must otherwise overtake her. Supply these, and England, Scotland, and Ireland will be stripped of their population, and those who make the loans be left to discharge the principal and interest.

I have already recommended, with a view to finance, a war purely naval. Such a war, in great measure, pays itself. The monopoly of commerce is its support. But, there are other reasons for confining the efforts of Great Britain to the ocean, and which are involved in my second concluding consideration. The actual circumstances of the continent are against her interests. Moral causes oppose her. To the distracted counsels, the jarring interests, the mutual misapprehensions, dissatisfactions, jealousies, and want of unanimity, as well in design as execution, that necessarily attend the operations of an alliance, Napoleon is able to oppose a force, a plan, and an unity of action, from which alone physical powers can derive their greatest possible effect. With only two hundred thousand men, he ought, in the nature of things, to overthrow five hundred thousand of the allies. So much for this point; but, it is not in military strength alone that Napoleon is strong. He has a great name, and he occupies a station calculated to attach to him the affections of mankind. When a

battle is fought by two or three to one, the most common instinct of our nature leads us to side with the one. Without any reference to its merits, his cause interests us; and that which interests us has forestalled the voice of our affections. But, if this be true in the case of the most ordinary individual, how much more so must it not be in that of Napoleon! We have seen some attempts to sow among the multitude a certain faith in the *star of Bonaparte;* this *star* has been placed over one of his portraits, and I shall not be surprised to see it as regularly employed as the halo of the saints. Now, I will venture to assert, that this lure for the superstition of mankind is not every where ill received. Napoleon has by this time acquired, among some millions, a reputation for wielding more than mortal arms. Let us leave, however, without further notice, the prejudices of the vulgar; let us even pass over what, in all human affairs, must be reckoned for so much, the interests of mercenary adherents; let us inquire whether he have no claim to the attachment of the most enlightened and virtuous Frenchmen. That he should be cursed by republicans and levellers is nothing wonderful; that he should be hated by those whose affections or whose interests are linked with the House of Bourbon is very natural; but the number of those cannot be small, who, without superstitious or blind admiration, reverence him as the restorer of social order, as the exalter and defender of their country. It is not my business to be the panegyrist of Napoleon; I have nothing to do with his renown, with his virtues, or with his vices, except as these add to or subtract from the sum of that power which Britain has to resist. What I assert is, that there are personal considerations which, to lose sight for a moment of his armies, render him formidable, and through which he outweighs, in a decisive degree, his opponents. I infer, that the present is not the moment in which he can be advantageously assailed by Great Britain in the field. If I am asked under what circumstances I believe he might be faced there, I answer, when he shall have for an adversary a man who may divide with him the solicitudes of the world. Who cares for the undistinguished rabble of generals and potentates? But, let us see Francis, Frederic, or Alexander, fighting, like himself, for the existence of his throne; let us see one of these splendid in victory or more splendid in adversity; let us see him, like Frederic the Second, with scarcely territory left on which to draw out his troops; let us see this; and, in that anxious hour, men will make their choice between a Napoleon and an Alexander, and the one will stand as fair a chance as the other. I employ the name of Alexander, because this monarch has acquired a reputation, even at the battle of Austerlitz, that has some hold on our regard, and is some foundation for our hopes. He has not, like Francis (certainly a very estimable prince), published noble manifestoes, and then suffered us to hear nothing of him but his flights, from stage to stage, before the enemy. Even the cause of Austria, however, would become interesting, did we, instead of miserable memoirs, and *projets*, and plans of operations, see the total of her military force in the hands of one man, whether the emperor, or his brother, the archduke Charles, who sustains, in all men's mouths, the character of a prince and a soldier.

To reduce this argument to practice, let the continental warfare be left to the continental powers. To prosecute a naval war is to defend Great Britain and assist her friends. Let us have no more volumes of treaties and supplementary papers. When I read, one day after another, the thirty-seven bulletins of the *Grand Army*, I could not avoid perceiving the advantage of this immediate publication of the history of what, and more than, it had done, and I regretted the silence of the allies; but alas! I was not prepared to see these papers met by the pitiable story of what Great Britain, and Russia, and Austria, had not done! I cannot help thinking that the giving these documents to the light is an act little less ruinous to the enemies of France than the loss of the battle of Austerlitz.

But, state-papers are becoming serious things. I have this moment read the most extraordinary that Europe has heard of, since the pride of the popedom was humbled, or since Elizabeth of England gave to Humphrey Gilbert, by letters-patent, the lands in America, not possessed by any Christian prince: *WE, Napoleon, by the Grace of God, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, &c. &c. for divers weighty and sufficient causes, Us thereunto especially moving, do hereby and henceforth solemnly Depose from the Throne and Sovereign Authority of his Ancestors, Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and from all which Princely Dignities he is, by virtue of this Instrument, and Our Imperial Will, Mandate and Pleasure, for ever Removed and Deposed accordingly. Given under our Hand and Imperial Signet, &c.*— There is an irregularity in the wording of this paper which excites some doubts in my mind; but it is said to be authentic. Napoleon, then, does not only overthrow kings by his arms, but deposes them by his mandate! And the powers of Europe will suffer this! And they must suffer this! He will *depose* Francis and Frederic and Alexander and Gustavus and Charles and George.

The clouds gather, moment after moment; and, at this crisis, amid all the vociferations of the allies, amid all their extravagant demands, what do they do? I have no objection, if it be more respectful to them, to say, what can they do? With the puerility of projectors, they talked of re-establishing

Emanuel in Piedmont, and what is it they have done? English and Russian troops had landed in Italy; but, no sooner was the battle of Austerlitz decided against the allies, than was an evacuation deemed necessary. They evacuated Italy; they left the insanity of Naples to abide all consequences; they evacuated Italy, that portion of the continent in which, it appears, they might most reasonably have calculated on success. They evacuated, at the same instant, Italy and the North of Germany!

It was finely argued by Demosthenes, that the condition of Athens was not desperate, because all its measures had been unwise ones. Had they been the best we could adopt, we had now, indeed, said he, no hope; but, as they were the worst, we may reasonably expect better things from our amendment. I apply this to Great Britain, and I rely on the benefit of a similar change. A change, I say, similar to this; for I hope nothing from the mere change of her administration, from that patch-work of parties which now fills her cabinet, and which must soon be rent. I have never been able to make any thing of that cant of the times, the cry for the union of all the talents of the kingdom. I know that men of talents are very little fitted for acting in concert with each other. Give me one head to direct, and the hands of Briareus to execute. My lord Grenville is not the man I take him for, if he can long to play a secondary part to Mr. Fox; and, as to two ministers for one nation, I should admire it as much as I should two masters for one house. Whoever may be the minister of Great Britain, I tell him to preserve, to strengthen, to *enlarge*, that mighty empire, through the medium of its naval power.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[We have already apprized our readers that by the kindness of a friend, solicitous that foreign channels of information should be explored, we regularly receive a well conducted French Journal, published at Paris, entitled "La Decade Philosophique, Litteraire et Politique." From its instructive pages we have taken the following Portrait of WASHINGTON, delineated in colours equally glowing and accurate by a great master. For this brilliant sketch* we are indebted to Fontanes, a literary character of celebrity. We have, to continue the metaphor, walked through a whole gallery of portraits of WASHINGTON, some finished by Masters in the English, the French, and the American schools, but we do not remember to have been more struck with any resemblance than with the following.]

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

To warriors alone does it belong to mark the place that Washington shall occupy among renowned Captains. His successes appeared to have more of solidity than splendour; judgment governed more than enthusiasm in his manner of commanding and of combating.

In the midst of all the disorders of camps, and all the excesses inseparable from civil war, humanity took refuge under his tent, and was never repulsed from it. In triumph, in adversity, he was always tranquil as wisdom, simple as virtue. The tender affections had their habitations in the bottom of his heart, even in those moments when the interest of the cause in which he fought seemed in some measure to sanction the laws of vengeance.

The emotions of a magnanimous soul achieve and maintain revolutions more infallibly than trophies and victories. The esteem inspired by the character of the American General contributed more effectually than his arms to the independence of his country.

As soon as the treaty of peace was signed, he resigned to the Congress all the powers with which he had been invested. Against his bewildered compatriots he would not employ any other arms than those of persuasion. Had he been governed by vulgar and selfish ambition, he might have crushed the imbecility of all the divided factions, and, when no constitution existed to oppose a barrier to audacious enterprise, he would have seized on supreme power, before the laws had regulated its exercise and established its limits. But these laws were provoked by himself with an inflexible pertinacity. When an insuperable barrier had been erected against the usurpation of ambition, he accepted, in compliance with the free voice of his fellow-citizens, the honour of governing them during a period of eight years. When authority was susceptible of arbitrary exercise, he shunned it; he would not consent to assume it, until it was confined within legal bounds. Such a character is worthy of the most illustrious days of

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* The original is reposited in a very elegant compilation, published in 1804 in Paris, entitled Leçons de Littérature et de Morale, ou Recueil, en prose et vers, des plus beaux morceaux de notre langue, dans la littérature des derniers siècles; ouvrage classique, adopté par le Gouvernment pour les Lycées et les Ecoles secondaires, et a l'usage de tous les autres établissemens d'instruction, publics et particuliers, de l'un et de l'autre sexe; par Fr. Noel, inspecteur général de l'instruction publique, et Fr. de la Place, Professeur à l'Ecole centrale du Panthéon, tous deux ci-devant professeurs des belles lettres dans l'Université de Paris

antiquity. In collecting the traits which compose it, we are almost induced to doubt whether it has appeared in our own age; we almost believe that we have found a lost life of one of those illustrious men whose portraits have been so well delineated by Plutarch.

His administration was, at home, mild and firm; abroad, noble and prudent. He always respected the usages of other nations, as he wished that they should respect the rights of the American people. Thus, in all his negociations, the heroic simplicity of the President of the United States, without vaunting ostentation or cringing servility, treated with the majesty of Kings. In his administration, look not for those projects which the present age denominates grand, and which he would have considered only rash. His conceptions were rather prudent than bold: he did not attract admiration; but he invariably inspired esteem, whether in the field or the senate, in the bustle of business or in solitude.

Washington possessed not those bold and imposing features of character which strike vulgar minds; in his ideas he displayed more of order and perspicuity, than of vigour and elevation. He particularly possessed, in a superior degree, that quality which, although generally considered vulgar, is nevertheless rare, that quality not less useful in the government of States than in the conduct of life, which imparts more of tranquillity than impulse to the soul, and more of honour than glory to those who possess it, or to those who feel its effects: it is to good sense that I allude; good sense, whose ancient rules have been so much scorned by pride, and which it is time to reinstate in all its rights and prerogatives. Audacity destroys, genius creates, good sense preserves and brings to perfection. On genius depends the glory of empire; but good sense alone can insure their repose and duration.

Washington was born to an inheritance which he had nobly increased, like the heroes of ancient Rome, in the midst of agricultural labours. Although an enemy to vain pomp, he wished that republican manners should be environed by some dignities. None of his compatriots cherished a more ardent love of liberty; none deprecated more the mad opinions of some demagogues. His mind, the friend of order, constantly shunned all excess. He dared not to insult the experience of ages; he wished neither to change, nor to destroy every thing at once; in this respect he listened to the doctrines of the legislators of antiquity.

Like them, Washington governed rather by the sentiments and affections, than by mandates and laws; like them, he was simple, although seated on the pinnacle of honour; like them, he was still great in the shades of retirement. He accepted power only to establish public prosperity; he would not consent to resume it, when he saw that America was happy, and had no further need of the devotion of his services. He wished, like other citizens, tranquilly to enjoy that felicity which he had imparted to a great people. But it was in vain that he abandoned the helm: the first name in America was always that of Washington.

FONTANES.

For the Port Folio.

[The following burlesque essay from the pen of GOLDSMITH, not included in his edition of his works, has a striking resemblance to some of the serious plans of Mary Woolstonecraft, in her "Rights of Woman." This ingenious satire, by the Author of The Vicar of Wakefield, for a long time wandered in England, from gazette to gazette, and from magazine to magazine, without its legitimate owner. At length, by the care of a literary friend, its genuine parentage was traced, and honour given to whom honour was due. We republish it in the Port Folio, because we delight to dwell upon the beauties of a writer, the disciple of Addison and Sir William Temple.]

I have spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labours met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot, Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance.* And here my concience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez,

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* A man well known at this period (1762), as well as during many preceding years, for the numerous schemes he was daily offering to various Ministers for the purpose of raising money by loans, paying off the national incumbrances, &c. &c. none of which, however, were ever known to have received the smallest notice.

in which he gave the public to understand, that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the Plantations, whence they never return, those that die at sea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the consumption of the present war by sea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear that it may be defended by young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture,* when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and indeed in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great Potentates of Europe.

But, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex, rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors, of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer, that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says, there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Lybian Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus, that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go farther than our own age and country to prove, that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honour to drink with Anne Cassier, alias Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military charac-

* In the year 1762.

ter? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the waterwomen of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fish-women of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers, who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs, and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a by-stander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand, that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin-bastards, begot by her second, who was an Irish chairman. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop and beat and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose, that as there is an excess on their side in quantity, to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket and trowsers, that descended no farther than the knee; the right breast was destroyed, that it might not impede them in bending the bow, or darting the javelin; but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musquet, without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gaiety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the incumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion, that Mrs. Kitty Fisher* shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

* A celebrated Courtezan of that time.

For the Port Folio.

[My love of nature, of simplicity, of ADDISON's heart and GOLDSMITH's style, urge me to transfer to this Miscellany the following extract from a paper, which, if I could emulate, I might then exult that the writers of the Augustan age in England had not been perused in vain.]

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country, to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets of bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dew that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such sweet emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described, or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight.
The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me, a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great, and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as, the Prince of Hesse and the king of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villiers still kept his colours. At last, one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which, he was sure, would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over, and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in *flowers*, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could shew me such a *blow of Tulips*, as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in

terms of gardening; and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles, and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I consider every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and figures were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light, as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating of light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[If you will insert the following letter in the Port Folio, you will oblige a Subscriber, constant reader, and well wisher.]

To Mr. George Baron, one of the principal editors of the "Mathematical Correspondent," New-York;

Sir,

A few months since, I read, in the public prints, your letter addressed to me, recommending to my notice Professor Colson's translation of the "Analytical Institutions" of Donna Maria Gaetana Agnesi. Through the politeness of Messieurs Swords of New-York, I have at length procured from London a copy of that elaborate work, and, on perusal, am convinced of that, on which I did not before indulge even an infinitesimal of scepticism, that it not only merits your recommendation, but the encomiums bestowed on it by its enlightened translator. The circumstance of its being thought worthy of translation by so adequate a judge of its merits as the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, in the University of Cambridge, who had already presented his country with Sir Isaac Newton's Fluxions, in an English garb, and who, we may presume, was well acquainted with what, on the recondite geometry, had fallen from the pens of Huygens, Leibnitz, Bernoulli, the Marquis de l' Hopital and his own cotemporary analysts, affords a presumption that the Professor held it in high estimation; but his submitting, at an advanced period of life, to the labour of learning the language in which it was written, for the sole purpose of translating it into English, is "confirmation strong," that he deemed it superior to any other work which he had seen on the same subject, and pre-eminently deserving the attention of mathematicians. The testimony of Baron Maseres and the Revd. Vicar of Potter's-Bury, in its favour, is also highly recommendatory; but its chief claim to the notice of the learned world is, its intrinsic value. For, considering the great quantity of matter which it contains, the judicious manner in which it is arranged, and the perspicuity with which it is explained, I do not hesitate to declare, that, in my opinion, it is the most valuable analytical production that has yet appeared in our language. The facility and adroitness with which this literary phenomenon applies the transcendental, as well as the common Algebra, to questions of almost every description; the skill with which she simplifies the most complicated equations; the novelty of her speculation on multinomials, and the acuteness and invention displayed in the management of the various methods of the integral, as well as the infinitesimal calculus, so far exceed what is ordinarily expected from her sex, that I am at a loss to say, whether I am more astonished at her sagacity, or delighted with her ingenuity. It is much to be regretted, that so little is known of her biography. Had the portrait of her literary character been drawn by the warm pencil of

some Italian cotemporary, it might have infused into the female world a taste for the most rational snd innocent of amusements. It might have roused a zeal in " the toys and playthings of man," to emulate her bright example by devoting their time to religion, literature, and science, rather than to fashion, dissipation and frivolity; and perhaps too, it might have induced the vainer part of our own sex to think a little more modestly of themselves, and to entertain a higher respect for the intellects of " Heaven's best gift to man," M. de Brosses, President of the Parliament of Dijon, in his letters on Italy, styles this lady " a walking Polyglott", and declares, that, at a conversation, at which he was present, she discussed literary and scientific subjects in Latin, with a fluency and classical purity that excited his unqualified admiration. M. Montucla, the celebrated improver of Ozanam's " Mathematical and Philosophical recreations," in his " Histoire des Mathematiques," notices this masculine genius, in terms of the highest commendation. " Besides the foregoing authors," says he, " I ought to mention, on this occasion, the *Analytical Institutions*, of a learned Italian lady, of the name of Maria Gaetana Agnesi, which is a work of such merit, that some female mathematician of France would have done well to give us a French translation of it. We cannot behold without the greatest astonishment, a person of a sex that seems so little fitted to tread the thorny path of these abstract sciences, penetrate so deeply as she has done, into all the branches of Algebra, both the common and transcendental. She has since retired to a cloister: and though we do not presume to censure her conduct in this step, which we must suppose to proceed from the purest and sincerest piety, we cannot but lament that she should have thus deprived the learned world of the useful improvements in literature, which her genius and knowledge would have enabled her to communicate to it, not only on subjects of a mathematical nature, but on many others of a different kind, in which she had become eminent." Mention is also made of La Signorina Agnesi, in an essay on the learning, genius and abilities of the fair sex, translated from the Spanish of " El Theatro Critico," which, except a solitary anecdote inserted in a Latin Thesis, written by a female of the University of Gottengen, is all, I believe, that is at present recorded of this learned and extraordinary lady. She had, if we may judge from her institutions, a strong predilection for the abstruse and the solid; but this anecdote would induce us to infer that she could sometimes descend from the grave majesty of science, to contribute, by her pleasantry and wit, to the enjoyment of colloquial converse. " The Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of Bologna, says the writer of this Thesis, a lady of great eminence, was once asked, in familiar conversation, for a definition of gynecocracy when she answered, that it was a γυναικοκρατία. A reason for her opinion being demanded, she replied, in the language of Virgil, " quia, fœmina varium et mutabile semper."

With sincere thanks for having introduced to my notice a production, from which I have derived so much pleasure and instruction, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,
And humble servant
Thos. P. Irving.

Newbern, N. Carolina,
April 8th, 1806.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following sensible letter from the pen of Dr. ROBERTSON deserves preservation in the Port Folio. His opinion, respecting the early and constant attachment of the Americans to Independence is perfectly correct, but, in his eagerness to lay the blame of civil war upon the ignorance, imbecility or profligacy of the *King's friends* on this side of the Atlantic, the reverend Politician totally forgets the character of the British ministry at the beginning of an unhappy contest between the mother and the child; men, who, with a few exceptions were the greatest drivellers that ever misguided the affairs of an empire.]

I agree with you in sentiment about the affairs of America. Incapacity, or

want of information, has led the people employed there to deceive the ministry. Trusting to them they have been trifling for two years when they should have been serious, until they have rendered a very simple piece of business extremely perplexed. They have permitted colonies disjoined by nature and situation to consolidate into a regular systematical confederacy; and when a few regiments stationed in each capital would have rendered it impossible for them to take arms, they have suffered them quietly to levy and train forces, as if they had not known and seen against whom they were prepared. But now we are fairly committed, and I do think it fortunate that the violence of the Americans has brought matters to a crisis too soon for themselves. From the beginning of the contest I have always asserted that Independence was their object. The distinction between *taxation* and *regulation* is mere folly. There is not an argument against our right of taxing, that does not conclude with ten-fold force against our power of regulating their trade. They may profess or disclaim what they please, and hold the language that best suits their purpose; but if they have any meaning, it must be that they should be free states, connected with us by blood, by habit and by religion; but at liberty to buy and sell, and trade where and with whom they please. This they will one day attain, but not just now, if there be any degree of political wisdom or vigour remaining. At the same time, one cannot but regret that prosperous and growing states should be checked in their career. As a lover of mankind, I bewail it; but as a subject of Great Britain, I must wish that their dependence on it should continue. If the wisdom of Government can terminate the contest with honour instantly, that would be the most desirable issue. This, however, I take to be *now* impossible; and I will venture to foretel that if our leaders do not at once exert the power of the British empire in its full force, the struggle will be long, dubious and disgraceful. We are past the hour of lenitives and half exertions. If the contest be protracted, the smallest interruption of the tranquillity that now reigns in Europe, or even the appearance of it, may be fatal.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In a late Miscellany, entitled, The Meteors, in which we have been dazzled with many of the rays of wit, is the ensuing specimen of latinity in Leonine verse. It is thus introduced:

I have sent you a lyrical composition in the Latin tongue, which, as far as my knowledge extends, has never appeared in print; if you think it will be acceptable to your readers, I hope you will give it a place. If the language of this song be not altogether as far removed from prose, as the essence of poetry requires, it should, in a very great measure, be attributed to the rhyme. If any should object to the application of the word "Mi," it will be a sufficient apology for the author to have it known that he has the authority of Tibullus.

Hac ades dum, chara Phillis,
Hanc sub umbram juxta me;
Non videbit Amarillis
Dum tegemur arbore.

Nullam præter te adoro,
Solam amo Phillida;
Miserere mei, oro
O mi formosissima.

Ubi primum hanc spectavi,
Captus pulchritudine,
Deum esse hanc putavi
Missam huc ab æthere.

Vulneravit me Cupido
Dum spectavi faciem,
Ex quo tempore libido,
Crevit hanc in virginem.

Phillis tamen est crudelis,
Phillis non amabit me;
Ego semper sum fidelis
Olim non Penelope.

Uror, ah! uror amoris
Flamma nunc venefica
Labyrintho sum doloris
Propter meam Phillida.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[*In the following Ode, the Poet describes the delightful appearance of Spring; and exhorts his friend to live jocundly, by representing to him the uncertain tenure of existence, and the common lot of mortality; and he enforces his advice, by demonstrating the mutability of all earthly things, as exemplified in the vicissitudes of the seasons of the year.*

It will be perceived, by comparing this version with the original Ode, that I do not pretend it to be a literal *translation; I have however endeavoured to preserve, in some degree, the Horatian spirit.*

V.]

ODE VII, BOOK IV.

To Posthumus.

Diffugere nives.....HOR.

Winter reluctant yields his icy reign,
All nature smiles in verdant foliage drest,
And lightly bounding on the enamell'd plain,
See Spring appears! bedeck'd with "em'rald vest."

The murm'ring stream, that long imprison'd lay,
Again meanders o'er its pebbled bed:
While on its banks with varied colours gay,
The tender flow'ret rears its infant head.

Now when the Moon's pale beams illume the ground,
And all is hush'd, save Philomela's strain,
The Nymphs and Graces dance in merry round,
And trip with nimble feet the dewy plain.

The changeful seasons of the fleeting year,
And ev'ry hour that marks our measur'd span,
Tell to the thoughtless mind this truth severe,
That Immortality is not for man.

To transient Spring, brief Summer soon succeeds;
And wanton Zephyrs sport in frolic play:
With golden harvests crowns the smiling meads,
While nature pants beneath her fervid ray.

Autumn, his brows enwreath'd with fading leaves,
Next pours his fruits from Plenty's lib'ral horn;
His task perform'd....retires.....and deeply grieves
His kingdom wreck'd.....by Wintry tempests torn.

The monthly orb renews its waning light,
And sheds new lustre on the midnight gloom:
Our glimmering star extinct....and set in night;
Helpless we sink into the silent tomb.

Be wise—indulge in mirth your social soul;
So shall you disappoint the expecting Heir:
E'en now perhaps you reach life's latest goal,
Nor Fate permits to breathe to-morrow's air.

Tho' wit and eloquence to you are given,
Your breath once fled—and Nature's debt discharg'd,
Tho' fair the great account 'twixt you and Heav'n,
Think not the imprison'd soul will be enlarg'd.

The chaste Diana mourn'd a * mortal's doom,
Nor could her power reverse the stern decree:
The gallant Theseus wept o'er Friendship's tomb,
And vainly strove to set Pirithous free.

VALERIUS.

EPIGRAMS.

The Secret Divulg'd.

Sylvius, engag'd one day at dice,
Come hither, John, he loudly cries;
Then whispers close—run to Lucinda;
Make haste, be quick, you know the window;
Tell her I cannot come to day,
For I am much engag'd at play;
But mark—when you return again,
Be sure you say it was a *man*.
Yes, Sir, says John—away he flies
And comes to Silvius in a trice.
Well—what says the gent?—where is he?
Why, Sir, he says he 's wond'rous busy.
What was he doing when you came?
Why truly, Sir, I dare not name—
Tell me— or else—Oh, Sir, I'll do't—
"A putting on—his *petticoat!*"

An Insuperable Difficulty.

For Jack's good life to certify
Nor friends nor strangers can be got,
Those, who dont know him, know not why;
Those, who do know him, know why not.

* Hippolitus.

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